

only more so. Brooklyn was good. It was also very dry.

For the first time since the inauguration of the Roosevelt administration there was liquor in abundance to be obtained Sunday with which to quench the long-accumulated thirst of cosmopolitan New Yorkers.

It was evident that a means had been found to virtually nullify the primary objects of the Raines law, and, so far as the prevention of Sunday drinking is concerned, to render it a dead letter if the present legal construction of the law stands.

No resident of New York who is able to raise five cents in addition to that sum which he intends to spend in gratification of his libidinous instincts upon the Sabbath day need go thirsty. It appears likely that the only hardship arising from the bill fathered by the Senator from Canada will fall upon the heads of those retailers of strong drink and beer as are unable to pay the \$80 fee, and whose premises are such that in no case can they assume to have sleeping accommodations for half a score of guests.

**HUNDREDS OF PLACES OPEN.**  
Hundreds of places throughout the city were wide open for the restricted sale of beer and liquor yesterday. The "dry Sunday" of rabid reform was a thing of the past. Moreover, all was fair and above board. No longer "lookouts" stood at side door to scrutinize and inspect all candidates for admittance. Identification was waived. With a fearlessness born of conviction that their action was in full accordance with that law which has been passed ostensibly in the interests of temperance and the preservation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, "touts" stood outside hundreds of hostleries yesterday, pointing the way to that place where liquid refreshment could be obtained by friend and stranger alike.

On the very threshold of these places stood policemen, with an Othello-like expression upon their faces which told that their occupation was gone. These places were "hotels." The people in the crowd which swarmed in and out all day were "guests." True, they had not registered. They could not have been accommodated with sleeping room, not if they had gone to a hotel. But they had secured comfortable places on a pretentious second or third hand sandwich while taking their drink, and they and their caterers were within the law, strictly within the Raines law, which until yesterday scared the lovers of a Sunday drink out of their seven senses.

**THEY TOASTED MR. ROOSEVELT.**  
It seemed as if Roosevelt had been holed by his own petard, and many times was his august name sarcastically toasted.

East Side, West Side and all around the town was the strict letter of the law observed, and still there was barely a block where drinking was not openly going on. In a tour around the city not a saloon could be found open. Not a blind was drawn to screen illicit liquors. Not a side door stood ajar with protecting peep-hole and watchful spotter within to refuse admittance to the uninitiated.

The flat had gone forth that all hotels could serve liquor with meals to their guests. No one has yet defined what shall constitute a meal, and those served yesterday were for the most part very scanty and lasted an extremely long time. In hundreds of places men set up "meals," consisting of two layers of bread, early with heat and age, bearing a fragment of a which the word of ages had accumulated, and a beer and whiskey from morning until late at night. They smoked at these "meals," too, until the "dining rooms" reeked with tobacco fumes. They shook for drinks, and behaved in every way as if in the deserted bar itself.

**MOCKERY OF A MEAL.**  
Only the mockery of a meal stood on the sloppy, beer-bespinkled table before them, and they were hotel guests. The advent of the Raines law had freed them from the horrors of "dry Sunday." The "meals" were made up of bread, butter, and a few scraps of meat, and were served in a manner of expediency had been resorted to to meet the requirements of the Raines law definition of a hotel. That extraordinary measure has provided that all such places as have ten rooms to let for sleeping accommodation may pose as bona fide hotels. For days past carpenters have been busy throughout the town putting up partitions, while bedsteads and cheap washstands have been ready sale. No matter that wretched little cribs have thus been furnished. If there is not room to swing a cat, they are extensive enough to beat the new law, and entitled the landlords to hotel licenses.

All that has been needed is a room in which to sell sandwiches as "meals," and an abundant supply of lager beer, and the new hotel was equipped for first-class Sunday trade in the heart of the very nose and in spite of Roosevelt and his emissaries, uniformed or otherwise.

**LITTLE FOOD; PLENTY OF BEER.**  
Among the places to secure a hotel license last Saturday was the establishment of Mori & Lorenz, No. 144 Bleecker street. This has hitherto been a cheap restaurant and drinking place much frequented by the Italians of the district. Yesterday it was literally packed from noon until midnight, and while hundreds of gallons of beer were consumed, it is probable that half a dozen loaves of bread and half a ham did duty for the "meals" they were supposed to wash down.

No one asked for food. The parties, in many instances comprising whole families—men, wives and children—called for beer. Large schooners were brought for each, while in the centre of the round table a dried sandwich was placed. Often it was brought from some other table, having done service already.

When the bill was brought in it read: "Food, five cents; beer, thirty-five." A visitor called for a glass of whiskey here, and it was promptly brought. In the hurry the waiter forgot the sandwich, when payment was offered he snarled and said: "Fifteen cents, please. Here is the sandwich. Five for sandwich, ten for whiskey." And he set a dilapidated chunk of bread and plunked it on the table in front of the guest. A bowling alley was in full swing behind the place.

**TRANSFORMED INTO A HOTEL.**  
Another place which started yesterday as a hotel license obtained the previous day was "Billy's" place, No. 562 Seventh avenue. This is a well-known saloon facing the glass entrance to the Broadway Theatre. It is now dignified as Frank A. Jaeger's Hotel. The front saloon was closed up, and the blinds were all drawn, to give full view of the interior. But the door at the side stood wide open and the front room on the first floor, divided with tables, was turned into the "hotel dining room." Here a crowd of thirty people sat and quaffed beer all day, flouting their tankards at the open windows to their friends outside, and thoroughly enjoying their newly found freedom.

The patrons of "Billy's" were required to buy one five-cent sandwich.  
"You can have as much as you have a

mind to drink after that," said the affable waiter.

A facetious lady of the tenderloin came up yesterday afternoon and ordered a Manhattan cocktail, and a "quail on toast." "Quails all off. Take a five-cent sandwich," said the host. And she did.

The same state of affairs obtained at Brady's "Hotel" opposite. On the block of Seventh avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-first streets, there were three places wide open on these lines.

At "The Old Homestead," No. 245 Eighth avenue, was a sign on the windows of the closed saloon: "Hotel restaurant up stairs." This is another of the places which secured hotel licenses on Saturday last. Here sandwiches at ten cents each and bottled beer at the same price were served.

A curious sign on Seventh avenue read: "Small dinner with beer, fifteen cents."

**SMALL DINNER WITH BEER.**  
James Wakely, keeper of the saloon at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, also secured a hotel license on Saturday last. Yesterday afternoon a well-known sporting man stood by the side door, and when a

could not even supply meals without drinks. This was a hardship upon such as have been used to their principal trade Sundays. Some few shifted their bars and ice boxes containing liquor off the premises, and resorted to serve meals with soft drinks, but they could not compete with the crowd of newly-fledged "hotels" where beer and spirits could be had.

**LIQUOR ON THE BOWERY.**

The Columbus Hotel Restaurant, at Nos. 5 and 7 Bowery, sold liquor all day to all who came. Drinks were served with meals in the main dining room, and in the back room, which has a door opening on Division street, a sandwich was all that was necessary to secure a glass of beer. The sandwich was not always eaten, but that made no difference. The beer was brought up from the cellar, and there is no bar or ice chest in the room.

The Sherman House, at No. 27 Bowery, was crowded with men drinking beer yesterday afternoon. All of the customers had sandwiches or boiled eggs in front of them, and this gave them the right to order drinks as fast and as often as they pleased.

P. Farley has a saloon at No. 131 Bowery. A sign in the hallway directs customers to the women's cafe on the second floor. The man at the door said that it was a club. It is apparently a flourishing organization, for the tables were well filled and men were coming and going all the time.

The Equitable, at Grand street and the

asked for a bite to eat, and the saloon keeper gave the "slut" a sandwich. Payment was offered, but Roth refused to accept it, as he said it was only part of his supper, which his wife had sent down, and which he could well spare. He was arrested for his generosity, and the Magistrate, while expressing sorrow for the duty he must perform, said that lack of knowledge of the law was no excuse.

Roth was unable to find bail, and was thrown into a cell. It may be months before he is released from jail. When led away he cried bitterly. The man's young wife was in court and she fell in a faint when Roth was taken out. They have a young family, of which he is the sole support. If he had charged the detective five cents for the sandwich no breach of the law would have been committed, as his generous offer took place before closing time on Saturday night.

**SOLD BEER TO A POLICEMAN.**

Henry Zimmer, of Sixty-seventh street and Third avenue, sold a glass of beer to Policeman Charles M. Morshausen, of the East Sixty-seventh Street Station, at a o'clock yesterday morning, at the same time telling him he might have a sandwich as well. Zimmer has a hotel license. Notwithstanding this he was arrested and taken to the Yorkville Court. The Magistrate asked if it was an arrest under the Raines act. On being told it was he said it should have been taken direct to the District-Attorney. He expressed a doubt as

and when his order was served arrested Clancy, who served it.  
After spending an hour in a cell Clancy was released on bail.

**A GROCER IN TROUBLE.**

Michael Sickle, a grocer with a store at No. 213 Mott street, was found yesterday morning entertaining several friends. They sat around a table drinking coffee. In the centre of the table was a bottle of cognac, and Officer Stansky, of the Mulberry Street Station, saw the men helping themselves from it. He arrested Sickle and arraigned him in the Centre Street Police Court for violating the Raines law. There was no complaint that he was selling the liquor, the charge being based on the fact that he gave it away.

Sickle said the men were personal friends, who dropped in Sunday mornings and drank coffee with him. As was customary, they took a dash of brandy. Magistrate Mott held it was a violation of the law and held the man for trial in bonds of \$1,000.

Detectives Collins and Keating, of the East Sixty-seventh Street Station, saw a number of people coming out of the side door of No. 1128 Third avenue. They went to the third floor, where they found a keg of beer and two or three chairs. Joseph Doris, who keeps the saloon, was in the act of selling beer to a customer in a cab. He was locked up.

**OPEN DOORS IN HOBOKEN.**

Hoboken saloon keepers and those of North Hudson were considerably more circumspect in their observance of the Jersey Sunday laws yesterday than a week ago.

In Hoboken a few saloon keepers used the side doors to their establishments, and kept their blinds tightly drawn, especially after midnight on Saturday and when evening fell last night. Others, and they were in the majority, kept open house, evidently relying on the mild manner in which cases of Sunday selling had been disposed of by the courts in the past. They did such a big business that they felt able and willing to pay fines, if prosecuted.



A "Wet Sunday" in New York.

Scores of alleged hotels sold beer and liquor to any one who had the price of the drink and a sandwich. The sandwich, in accordance with the interpretation of the Raines law by the saloon men, was a meal. If the purchaser didn't want to eat it, that was his affair. The police made no effort to interfere with the business of the "hotel" keepers.

would-be visitor approached, he said: "One night-up, sir. You can get all you want."

In the big room above the saloon were half a hundred sports, and casual customers sitting round little circular tables, on which were plates containing crackers and a few dried up fragments of cheese. Two beers were ordered.

"Send up two beers," cried the "hotel tender" down the dumb waiter, and when they were served ten cents was the full cost. There was no pretence whatever of charging for the crackers and cheese. At Koster & Bial's place, Twenty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, while the ground floor bar was closed and the blinds were drawn up in accordance with the law, "The Old Taverner" underneath was in full swing. Men and women sat here all day and all night drinking anything they wished, and merely being charged five cents in addition for the sandwich.

**SANDWICHES WERE SERVED.**

"Two steins of best wine," ordered two young bachelors yesterday afternoon. No mention was made of meals. When the wine and the sandwiches came the festive young men promptly put the lighter in the cuspidor. But they ordered more wine, and continued to drink for a couple of hours or more. Women were in the place, too. They did not eat. They playfully poked the sandwiches with their hat pins. The place is classified as "The Corner Hotel," and so the Raines bill is powerless to touch its "guests."

Shanley's restaurant, Sixth avenue, close by, came out yesterday for the first time with an hotel license, while O'Neill's, nearly opposite, could not sell drinks with bona-fide meals, because they had an ice chest and bar upon the premises, and had neglected to fix up the necessary ten bedrooms.

Trainer's, the Aule and all such as have been recognized as hotels did a big trade all day.

Down town, Flannery's, at the northeast corner of Leroy and Hudson streets, had a crowd of thirty patrons from early morning till night. This place is called the "Marie Antoinette," and is a well-known corner saloon. Yesterday the ground floor liquor palace was closed up tight, and all the shades raised. Inside, however, could be seen a busy man behind the counter, while on the side door was the roughly printed placard, "Dining Room Upstairs."

**USED A LODGE ROOM.**  
On the first floor is a big lodge room. Here tables were set and a five-cent meal of uneatable sandwiches was the passport to as much beer or hard stuff as one chose to drink. In the centre of the room was a little closet fully armed up as a bar, with beer engines, bottles and all the usual paraphernalia. A rail ran across the entrance, but the door is so fixed that it could be closed in a moment. It was also noticed that the key stood on the inside.

At this place were the usual type of Sunday drinkers, enjoying themselves to the full. At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon one patron lay across a table asleep, with his face on the cheese sandwich which, according to the Raines law, had been essential to get him so much happiness.

While "hotels" enjoyed so much freedom yesterday and struck the death knell of the "dry Sunday," the restaurants suffered considerably. All such as had bars were constrained to keep closed altogether. They

however, has a hotel license. The hotel entrance is at the rear of the saloon, on Grand street. On the door leading from the hallway into the saloon was a large sign bearing the terse inscription, "Upstairs." It was not hard to find the place where the liquid refreshments were dispensed. Signs on the walls informed patrons that no drinks would be served without meals. The room was filled with men, and so far as could be seen the required meals were supplied from a pile of sandwiches on the sideboard. The drinks were brought up from below on a dumb waiter.

**GUESTS OBLIGED TO EAT.**

W. S. Lyons's restaurant at 250 and 261 Bowery as a regular license, but the proprietor is a little more cautious than some of the others. In answer to the question whether a glass of beer could be bought, the waiter replied curtly: "You can buy one if you eat." But he was not sure that a sandwich was sufficient to secure the desired beverage. The head waiter was also in doubt about the matter, but a 15-cent meal brought a bottle of beer without any further trouble.

The restaurants in the neighborhood of Third avenue and Fourteenth street, as far as could be seen, were run on the dry plan. At Raymond's table d'hôte restaurant on Third avenue, above Fourteenth street, where it has always been customary to serve wine with dinners, even that adjunct was cut off. This week, however, Mr. Raymond will remove his kitchen from the second floor to the first, divide the room into small apartments, and by next Sunday hopes to have a hotel license. The old rounders in this neighborhood said they never saw it so dry as it was yesterday.

The oasis, however, was not far distant. The Cafe Boulevard, on Second avenue, near Tenth street, which has a hotel sign conspicuously displayed, sold drinks openly, with the customary sandwich, or whatever the guests cared to eat. The front door of the bar room was closed, but the rear door, leading into the room where drinks were served, was wide open. Several other cafes in the neighborhood were dispensing drinks with "meals."

To all appearances, the saloons on the East Side were tightly closed, and the interiors exposed to view. But those who know the ropes were not obliged to go thirsty if they possessed the necessary price.

The Occidental Hotel, in Broome street, near the Bowery, was doing plenty of business in the liquid line. In the cafe, sandwiches and meals being served with the drinks. The waiters did not attempt to disguise the fact that the thirsty were being served, for after the check was scrutinized at the desk they sang out their orders to the dispenser in a voice that could plainly be heard all over the first floor.

**GAVE AWAY FOOD.**

With such rigid penalties in view for violation and such facilities for drinking in full accordance with the present interpretation of the law, it is not remarkable that excise arrests were few. A peculiar case came up yesterday in the Essex Market Court.

John Roth, saloon keeper, of No. 15 Delancey street, was held in \$1,000 bail by Magistrate Cohen for alleged violation of the Raines law. His crime was the giving of a sandwich to a detective, who pleaded on Saturday night that he was awfully hungry.

Detective Cohen, of the Eldridge Street Station, entered the place and called for drinks, which were duly served. He then

to whether a sandwich did or did not constitute a meal, and refusing to entertain the charge dismissed the prisoner.

**JERSEY CITY "WET."**

While the eloquence of Jersey City's leading clergymen was flowing in denunciation of excise violation yesterday, back beer flowed unrestrainedly from hundreds of taps throughout that over-the-river town. Every morning New York laboring men go to Jersey City and bring back to New York loads of milk, while on Sunday, in vastly increased numbers, they bring back loads of other things. There was no difficulty in securing those loads yesterday. It had been said that in view of the charges made to the Grand Jury Tuesday, by Justice Lippincott, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, Jersey City would yesterday be such that the Desert of Sahara would be by comparison a land flowing with milk and honey.

Some saloons did not even compel entrance and exit by side doors, and those that did took no precautions as to who should be admitted. Judge Lippincott himself or Dr. Parkhurst could have bought at any bar in the place. There were no excise arrests. The several thousand strangers seemed for the most part to be able to get back to New York when their individual capacities were reached, and the smoking departments of boats on all ferries were late in the afternoon and in the evening frequented by people who went to sleep immediately after taking their seats.

There is a drink in Jersey City known as applejack sour, with which many New Yorkers have but recently become acquainted. Its peculiarity is that after taking three, or at most four, of them, the drinker forgets his portmanteau. A New Yorker who takes more than four does not return to New York the same day. Special provisions, it is said, are made in the County Jail for those who have developed a real fondness for them.

Policemen were discovered at 1 a. m. yesterday telling saloon keepers to close up, but the order had some sort of a mental reservation, or "dicker," attached to it, under which the saloon did not close, and the thirsty went there to worship in sanctuaries "with 'Push' and 'Pull' on the door, and pewter pots for prayer books," and did not meet with the anticipated interference.

The Grand Jury meets again Wednesday, and Justice Lippincott will presumably charge it again. He charged a jury there once, two years ago, and the result was one dry Sunday—the only one that Jersey City people remember.

"Last Tuesday's charge was all right," said a saloon keeper yesterday, "but the printing must have been wet."

**BARTENDER UNDER ARREST.**

Joseph Clancy, a bartender in Brady's Hotel, at No. 507 Seventh avenue, was arrested last evening by Policeman Rosenberg, of the West Thirtieth Street Station, for violating the Excise law. Brady has conducted a saloon at the address for a number of years. About ten days ago Brady secured a hotel license. He had the ten rooms necessary under the Raines law, but no restaurant.

The floor over the saloon was fitted up as a drinking room, with tables and table cloths, but, according to Policeman Rosenberg, no food was served in the room. When the policeman entered the place it was crowded and three waiters were busy carrying drinks from a dumbwaiter to the tables. Rosenberg ordered a glass of beer,

The same plan was pursued in North Hudson, and while every effort was made to preserve order, liquor being refused whenever the would-be imbibers seemed to have enough, there was no pretence of keeping closed. The bartenders kept a sharp watch for the Sheriff's deputies, who, it was announced on Saturday, would be on the look-out for evidence, and whenever the officers were reported to be near a place doors were locked, and every effort made to keep the thirsty crowds quiet. In many cases, however, the deputies had no difficulty in gaining entrance to the saloons and buying beer and liquor by simply mingling with the crowd. The plan of sending them to parts of the country where they were not personally known, the North Hudson men to Jersey City and vice versa, worked well, so far as the desires of Prosecutor Winfield are concerned, and to-day there will probably be a big batch of complaints ready to be submitted to the Grand Jury.

The arrests by precincts of Raines law violators in New York City yesterday:

Sixth	.....	Nineteenth	.....	1
Eighth	.....	Twenty-second	.....	1
Tenth	.....	Twenty-fourth	.....	1
Twelfth	.....	Twenty-sixth	.....	4
Fourteenth	.....	Twenty-eighth	.....	1
Sixteenth	.....	Thirtieth	.....	1

The total number of arrests was twenty-three, a decrease over last week of twenty. Peter Besser, of No. 225 Monroe street, sold 10 cents worth of whiskey from a bottle to Officers Harris and Craig, of the Delancey Street Station, last night. He was arrested. The officers were of the opinion that Besser was supplied with his liquor from a nearby saloon.

**SALOONS WERE CLOSED.**

Few Brooklyn Liquor Dealers Violate the Excise Law—Arrests for intoxication.

The Raines law was observed yesterday in Brooklyn except in the East New York district, where some of the so-called hotels did a brisk trade. Piel's beer hall was open, and hundreds of men drank beer to hold down the precious little sandwich which they bought in order to obtain the drink.

The restaurants which had secured hotel licenses during the week did a brisk trade. Several saloon keepers kept their places open, and were arrested. Restaurant keepers sold beer, although District-Attorney Backus said they had no right to do so.

Considerable beer and liquor was consumed by families who "remembered the Sabbath," and had secured bottled beer and whiskey on Saturday.

The city was orderly. The reports from the suburban or seaside wards showed few arrests.

The saloon keepers arrested were as follows:

Michael Pfeiffer, of Vienna and Montauk avenues.  
Michael Nolan, of No. 686 Sixth avenue.  
Thomas Seward, of No. 513 Eighth avenue.

From midnight to 4 a. m. yesterday the police of the twenty-eight precincts and sub-precincts arrested thirty-eight intoxicated persons. The majority were taken in soon after midnight, after the 8 o'clock night drinks had begun to take effect.

The arrests for intoxication from midnight Saturday to 6 a. m. Sunday since the Raines law took effect have been as follows:

Not excused by any high-riced Halmstad, Salration Oil twenty-five cent a bottle.

complaints were made against saloon keepers, as against forty-two last Sunday.

**DRANK AT STATEN ISLAND.**  
Many New Yorkers Find the Saloons Open and Doing Business.

The pleasant weather brought several thousand guests to Staten Island yesterday. Most of the visitors went to South Beach. There was plenty of beer, and New Yorkers had no difficulty in quenching their thirst with back beer, which was served without any molestation from the police.

The saloons throughout the county were open, as usual. No attempt to enforce the Raines law has been yet attempted. The only arrests on Staten Island yesterday were two prisoners charged with intoxication. They were locked up.

**YAMAGATA PRAISES AMERICA'S WORK.**

(Continued from First Page.)

by the Japanese party, the members of the Governor's staff, the New York Central officials, John S. Kenyon and Senators Higgins and Mullin.

**YAMAGATA'S RESPONSE.**  
Marshal Yamagata, in response to General McAlpin's address of welcome at the banquet made a very touching reply which deeply impressed his hearers. The Marshal's speech, as translated by his interpreter, was as follows:

"Gentlemen, permit me in the first place to remark that many things that are expressed in a simple, plain, soldierly manner in the above language goes lost in the translation. Gentlemen, nothing can exceed what I feel this evening in the midst of my comrades and my co-professionals. Whatever the nation to which we belong from which light may be proclaimed, brave and sympathizing hearts sympathize with each other, and a soldier is never loth to shake hands with brave and enterprising characters. The relations between the two countries—between yours and mine—have been on the footing of the sincerest cordiality and the warmest friendship, since the opening of Japan.

"It was you Americans who introduced Western civilization. You were the harbingers to my country. Your work of of transportation is bringing us nearer and nearer. The transportation whose benefits we are going to enjoy to-morrow. The men who bring about this transportation between citizen countries are the brave men who are working on behalf of their country, and the increase of transportation between Japan and the United States is bringing the two countries nearer together. I hope that triple ties of neighborhood and sympathy will unite Japan and the United States as closely in the future as they have been united in the past. Such is the cordial sentiment which unanimously is expressed. As to the sentiments that have been spoken by the gentlemen here to-night, the Field Marshal accepts them with alacrity, and will not fail to report the sentiments expressed this evening to his Emperor and his colleagues as soon as he returns home.

"As to the laudatory terms expressed about him he says that he does not merit them at all. He says that he has only done his duty toward his Emperor and his country, and he assures you that he is firmly convinced that every one of you here present would have done the same thing under the same terms. He accepts the laudatory terms with alacrity as a fresh token of the sentiments which you people have always borne toward his country. Permit me to place my cup for the prosperity of the State of New York and for the greatness of the United States, and to join in a toast for the health and future prosperity of all the gentlemen present."

The party will remain in Buffalo to-night. General Passenger Agent Daniels will place a special train at their disposal to-morrow and convey them to Albany, for which place a start will be made early in the morning. At Albany there will be a reception given by Governor Morton, and if there be time enough the Governor will entertain the party at a banquet.

The party will then proceed direct to New York, where it is expected the Count will receive the escort of Squadron A, N. G. N. Y. from the Grand Central Station to his hotel.

**INGERSOLL PREACHES AFTER PRAYERS.**

Continued from First Page.

does not appear to be great. There is no great diminution in crime. The decrease of immorality and poverty is hardly perceptible. Our churches, for the most part, are closed during the week, being used only a part of one day in seven. No one wishes to destroy churches or church edifices. The only desire is that they start accomplishing substantial good for the world. These churches are founded upon immaterial differences.

Now it seems to me that it would be far better for the people of a town having a population of 4,000 or 5,000 to have one church, and the edifice should be of use not only on Sunday, but on every day of the week. In this building should be the library of the town. It should be the clubhouse of the people, where they could find the principal newspapers and periodicals of the world. Its auditorium should be like a theatre. Plays should be presented by home talent, an orchestra formed, music cultivated. The people should meet there at any time they desired. The women could carry their knitting and sewing, and connected with it should be rooms for the playing of games, billiards, cards and chess. Everything should be made as amiable as possible.

In my opinion, is real religion. To do all the good you can is to be a saint in the highest and in the noblest sense. To do all the good you can—this is to be really and truly spiritual. To relieve suffering, to put the star of hope in the midnight of despair—this is true holiness. This is the religion of science. The old creeds are too far away; they are not for the world in which we live. The old dogmas lack breadth and tenderness; they are too cruel, too mercenary, too vague. We are growing grander and nobler.

When he concluded, the applause was loud and long continued, many of those in the foyer waving their handkerchiefs and hats. The congregation united in singing "Bless'd be the tie that binds," and with the pronouncing of the benediction the unique service came to an end.

**HE PREFERS AGNOSTICISM.**  
Cleveland, Ohio, April 12.—Ingersollism was the subject of the discourse of Rabbi M. J. Gries, at the Willson Avenue Temple, this morning. "Agnosticism," said the Rabbi, "begins with the declaration 'I do not know,' and then straightway proceeds to deny with its trail mind what cannot be proved. It has its rise in the orthodoxy of to-day, and contrasting the two, I think agnosticism is the more reasonable position. It is precisely that kind of orthodoxy which gives the choice of believing certain dogmas or being damned that is the cause of prevalent agnosticism."

When he concluded, the applause was loud and long continued, many of those in the foyer waving their handkerchiefs and hats. The congregation united in singing "Bless'd be the tie that binds," and with the pronouncing of the benediction the unique service came to an end.

Twice the Runaway Passes the Shrieking Wedding Guests, but the Horses Are Finally Stopped by Two Brave Policemen.

**HORSES RUN AWAY WITH THE BRIDE.**

As the Carriage Door Is Being Opened to Let Her Step Out Off They Go.

Bridegroom and Wedding Guests, Who Have Been Awaiting Her Coming, Scream in Dismay.

MAD CHASE ON LEXINGTON AVENUE.

Twice the Runaway Passes the Shrieking Wedding Guests, but the Horses Are Finally Stopped by Two Brave Policemen.

The marriage of Miss Millie Dueschner, of No. 410 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, to William Cohn, of No. 418 East Fifty-seventh street, was arranged to take place in Victoria Hall, at No. 641 Lexington avenue, at 8 o'clock last evening. The bridegroom, with nearly 200 friends of his and the bride's, arrived at the hall early and impatiently awaited the coming of Miss Dueschner.

Presently the sound of a rapidly approaching carriage was heard. From the high speed of the horses it was rightly judged that it must be the carriage containing the belated bride. The wedding guests scrambled for places at the front windows, where the first glimpse of her could be obtained. Mr. Cohn, his face wreathed in happy smiles, ran out to the curb to welcome her. With eager hands he started to open the carriage door, when suddenly, frightened by a passing cable car, the horses dashed madly away down the avenue. Mr. Cohn let go of the handle of the carriage door just in time to escape being thrown to the ground.

At sight of the bride's carriage tearing madly off in the direction of the Battery the wedding guests at the windows and in the doorway of the hall screamed, and Mr. Cohn, bare-headed as he was, would have run after it had not his friends restrained him. The carriage was seen to narrowly miss hitting a cable car, and then it was lost to view down the avenue.

The vehicle had been hired from the livery stable of Otto Witte, on East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, and Driver Charles Richard was on the box. Although the distressed bridegroom and